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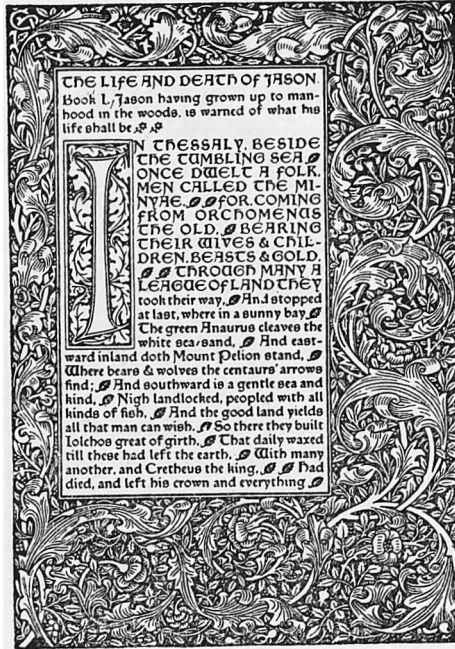
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George Du Maurier

conceived, the profits have often been swallowed up by the cost.

In a very interesting letter written by him in 1884 to Emma Lazarus, he says in conclusion: "You see I have got to understand thoroughly the manner of work under which the art of the middle ages was done, and that that was the *only manner* of work which can turn out popular art, only to discover that it is impossible to work in that manner in this profit-grinding society. So I am driven towards revolution as the only hope, and am growing clearer and clearer on the speedy advent of it in a very obvious form."

The personality of Morris was a captivating one, and all his surroundings were artistic. From his home, Kelmscott House, a sketch of which was given in the June number of this magazine, to his workshop and factory, all showed his sense of fitness and beauty.



GEORGE DU MAURIER, ARTIST AND AUTHOR.



ATING from the appearance of "Peter Ibbetson" and the consequent conviction that a new and fascinating romancer had been vouchsafed to us in this comparatively arid end of the century, there has been, as the apparent result of regarding Du Maurier as an author, a certain species of apathy felt for Du Maurier the artist, and if he had lived, the possibility of his accepting the evident preference for the author's work, rather than that of the artist, is a matter for curious speculation. However, this could hardly have been, for Du Maurier's romances without Du Maurier's illustrations would have been sadly incomplete. How have we divined the distinct personalities of Trilby, Taffy, the Laird, or Little Billee, without Du

George Du Maurier

Maurier's interpretation; and who else could have given the really terrible expression of a lost soul that remains with one as the lasting impression of Svengali?

Much has been said of Du Maurier's famous "pretty woman." It has been urged that she is impossibly tall; her features too faultlessly regular, her expression of mingled sweetness and hauteur too set in its character. But are not all of these alleged faults beauties?

Of her charms, Du Maurier himself has said, "I am so fond of her myself, I have often heard her commended, and the praise of her has sounded sweet in my ears and gone straight to my heart, for she has become to me as a daughter."

There are few numbers of *Punch*, with which Du Maurier has been indentified for the last forty years, in which the pretty woman does not appear, now vis-a-vis with Sir Georgius Midas, looking all the more charming in contrast with his gorilla-like coarseness; now supporting the hesitating Ponsonby de Tomkyns or his adventurous wife, or, serenely looking on at the ecstasies of those wondrous creatures, Mandle and Postlethwaite.

Not even the satire of "The Green Carnation" accomplished so much toward making the society of esthetes ridiculous as Du Maurier's illustrations of "Passionate Brompton."

Who can forget the inimitably die-away, wistfully intense expression of the extremely ugly, elderly woman in an esthetic gown, who startles her stupid partner by demanding, "Do you then regard us only as lovely baubles?" or her sister who, clasping her hands madly, inquires eagerly, of the dull country Squire, "Are you intense?"

There is also that interesting group of curates, bishops, English Dukes and German Barons, his excellent butlers and footmen.

In picturing the titled gentry alone, he has conferred a vast deal of pleasure.

What would the world be without his affable Duchess and her lord? How illy could it spare their hopelessly ugly but high-born daughters.

It was a happy chance that made of him a social satirist, and the public has had occasion to bless the lack of application that robbed the shop of a chemist and gave it an artist in caricature.